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The 'aemulus' of Donatello

G. PASSAVANT: Verrocchio. 223pp.
Phaidon. £7.

To prepare a monograph about Verrocchio is a far from easy task. Equally proficient as painter and sculptor, Verrocchio can be discussed only by a scholar whose experience spans both fields. This was tacitly recognized both by Planiscig, who twenty-eight years ago published a little book on Verrocchio as a sculptor with a few photographs of paintings inserted in the end, and by Dr. Günther Passavant, who in 1959 published a book on Verrocchio as a painter in which the sculptures were suppressed. Dr. Passavant's new volume deals with the whole range of Verrocchio's work, and is more interesting as an illustration of the difficulties of producing such a book than for the illumination it gives of Verrocchio's artistic personality.

The section on Verrocchio as a painter summarizes the conclusions reached in the earlier book, while the section on Verrocchio as a sculptor is devoted, in the words of the preface, to "eliminating doubtful works of inferior quality" from among the sculptures discussed by Planiscig. Not only is Verrocchio's authorship of a number of indubitably genuine sculptures questioned, but one autograph work in marble, the beautiful "Bird of a Girl" from the Rockefeller collection, now in the Princeton Museum of Art, has been entirely overlooked.

At best Dr. Passavant's stylistic judgments are insecure. He dismisses the fine but damaged relief of a warrior, known as "Alexander the Great", in Washington ("such negligence of detail is seldom found even in third-rate Florentine marble carving of the quattrocento"), and he gives the "Dibbler Madonna", now known through two stucco casts, to Benedetto da Majano. Benedetto da Majano also assumes responsibility for the "Putto on a Globe" in Washington (the unpublished bronze from which this stucco was made dates from about 1490). Another popular stucco from a Verrocchio design is given to the circle of Pollaiuolo. Similarly among the paintings the "Nativity" at Sheffield is ignored, though it is one of the most beautiful paintings turned out in Verrocchio's shop, whereas the Argiano altarpiece (which is not by Verrocchio) is included among the plates.

The attributions of the secondary paintings are in a state of sad disorder, and confirm what might be

suspected from the treatment of the sculptures, that the compiler of the book has a fallible eye and no compensating sense of probability. The main merit of the volume is that it provides a corpus of sometimes excellent photographs of works by or associated with Verrocchio.

Verrocchio was born in 1435, and we know nothing of him as a sculptor before the age of thirty. As late as 1457 he still practised as a goldsmith, but in the next six or seven years he not only graduated as a sculptor but also acquired a reputation that earned him some of the most prominent commissions of the time. He seems to have been trained as a marble sculptor in the Rossellino studio. The first work illustrated in this book, the tomb slab of "Cosimo de' Medici" in San Lorenzo in Florence (before 1467), is related not to the models with which it is here associated but to the floor of the Annunziata tabernacle, a Medici commission laid down in 1462 by Bernardo Rossellino, which is known today from an early seventeenth-century replica in pietra dura.

After 1464, while still closely connected with the Rossellino studio, Verrocchio seems to have carved the magnificent lavabo adjacent to the Old Sacristy of San Lorenzo, a work accepted by Planiscig and most modern scholars but rejected by Dr. Passavant. The context for Verrocchio's work as a decorative bronze sculptor, both in the dated candlestick of 1468 at Amsterdam and in the obsequious foliage of the Medici monument, is provided by another work which Dr. Passavant neglects to mention, the frame made by Vittorio Ghiberti for Andrea Pisano's bronze door on the Baptistry, on which work was in progress between 1456 and 1463.

As a bronze sculptor Verrocchio's fame rests securely upon four great works, the "Putto with a Fish" in the Palazzo Vecchio, the "David" in the Bargello, the "Christ and St. Thomas" on Or San Michele and the Colleoni Monument. Dr. Passavant believes, on the evidence of a late sixteenth-century German visitor to Florence, that the "Putto with a Fish" rotated under water pressure, but provides no other data to support this interesting hypothesis. He observes, quite correctly, that it is "developed on oil sides equally, but that it is impossible to pin down a single intentional principal viewpoint". The posture of the "David" is likewise fully circular, though German academic critics in the last century spent some time searching for its true front. Dr. Passavant does so too, and even includes a photograph

"seen from the old, erroneous viewpoint".

The earliest literary reference to Verrocchio is by Pomponius Gauricus, who, according to Dr. Passavant, "refers to Verrocchio as 'aemulus' of Donatello, meaning the successor and artistic heir, and not, as has often been supposed, implying a true teacher-pupil relationship". Whether "aemulus" could in any circumstances imply either of these things is open to doubt, but the term is surely used by Gauricus in its conventional sense of "rival", and must relate to the substitution of Verrocchio's "Christ and St. Thomas" for Donatello's "St. Louis of Toulouse" on Or San Michele and to the challenge offered by the Colleoni to the Gattamelata monument. The new book provides some first-rate plates and an adequate analysis of both commissions.

Where Dr. Passavant goes most seriously astray is in his discussion of Verrocchio's marble sculptures, and especially of the Forteguerri monument at Pistoia. In his view "even the best parts, the head of Christ and the head of Faith, cannot, when seen in the original, brook comparison with authentic works of Verrocchio like the Madonna relief from S. Maria Nuova or the bust of a woman in the Bargello". The fact is that those sections of the Forteguerri monument on which Verrocchio worked, when seen in the original, are by far the most distinguished marble sculptures of their time, and only if they are compared with works in another medium or of another date are their special qualities liable to be misunderstood.

Dr. Passavant rejects the view, held by all previous scholars, that the little terracotta models of two angels in the Louvre were made in connexion with the cenotaph, and argues instead that they "were prob-

ably intended to flank a tomb, a representation of Christ as Madonna", and were made about 1480, one by Verrocchio the other by Leonardo. One reviewer, Miss Barker would be great deal more widely known. Her of the sketch-model in Leonardo's hand had consistent praise, and John Brown's Body deserves equally enthusiastic admiration from anyone who has acquired a taste for her precise and idiosyncratic talent. Perhaps, after all, it is the greater talent related to the project which may remain elusive to the casual viewer, precisely because the flavour and Paris. There is no doubt, however, whose complexity cannot be captured in bald summary—a page Miss Barker is more likely to

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viously been published in this country. The first four volumes—*England, France, Germany, and the Netherlands*—will be published on April 1970, at 35s each.

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One of the important items in the autumn Cornhill Magazine covered assessment of *Gravitation* by A. E. Heinemann. Cornhill Magazine bookshop or from: 50, Abchurch Lane, London, EC4A 3DF.

Problems of identity

L. BARKER: John Brown's Body.
248pp. The Hogarth Press. 30s.

Reviewers were any good at public relations, Miss Barker would be great deal more widely known. Her of the sketch-model in Leonardo's hand had consistent praise, and John Brown's Body deserves equally enthusiastic admiration from anyone who has acquired a taste for her precise and idiosyncratic talent. Perhaps, after all, it is the greater talent related to the project which may remain elusive to the casual viewer, precisely because the flavour and Paris. There is no doubt, however, whose complexity cannot be captured in bald summary—a page Miss Barker is more likely to

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reality, our

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eating in the mahogany wardrobe or "running beautifully away... in an array flying from the fire to the sun". But she worries Tomelby by wandering about all day in his dressing-gown, disliking what she calls "the monkey business" in bed, and refusing to care about what he calls being alive.

It intrigues her when the bowler-hatted man in the top flat, Ralph Shilling, strikes Jack as being "the dead ringer" of a certain John Brown he used to know, for John Brown had been acquitted, through lack of evidence, of a peculiarly vicious double murder. What if Mr. Shilling really were John Brown?

In fact, although he works for a pesticide firm, Ralph Shilling is a sad man alone with a stray cat, easily persuaded to lend his savings to an unscrupulous office colleague, fond of his solitary rum at the local, dutifully spending weekends with his wife and sister-in-law, Emily—a married couple in a grey, fusty, high-ceilinged farmhouse on the Essex coast. Perhaps it is because he already finds it a strain to cope with others who care not, as he does, except the bleak truth that Ralph is instantly bewitched by Marise and her childish fantasy about his identity. She becomes an obsessive image of freedom and excitement, all the promise of exquisite unpredictable desire he has never had. He imagines he is being followed, gleefully researches criminal records, discovers he is capable of the murderous

impulses of a John Brown, breaks the routine that had been so precious to him.

But Marise's day in Essex is disastrous. The bright blousy estuary sears her, the farmhouse turns out to contain hunting relics but also a bed which goes Ralph to desperation—though not the kind of her fantasy killer. Anyway, his two women are dull and pathetic. What might have happened to change her cruel, incomprehensible, humiliating life is no longer even worth hoping for or dreaming of, and to have provoked the total destruction of Ralph's former self is no compensation.

These bare bones of Miss Barker's story give a little idea of how compactly and carefully she has filled in a background both funny and sinister: how the "steak-eating" faces in the pub play guessing games, "like a bushful of sparrows" round Ralph's paranoid isolation; how Emily moves from cranky hypochondria to deathly panic; how Marise, like a bright child, asks the unanswerable, hilarious questions. Behind each laconic, Pinterish exchange lies the fearful, true sense of what the words mean. And without ever sounding pretentiously "poetic", Miss Barker succeeds in using startling memorable imagery, thereby establishing precisely how blunted our senses have become by the clumsy, stereotyped language with which many novelists of wider fame so often make do.

DEREK MARLOWE: *A Single Summer*
with L.B. 252pp. Capa. 30s.

The historical novel which invents the conversations and interior monologues of the very famous is almost a discarded enterprise, considered implausible except to the cause of satire or ideology. On the other hand, the documentary which re-enacts actual events with a minimum of invention is becoming a respectable and popular, even an intellectually fashionable, form. Mr. Marlowe's acknowledgments express gratitude to Mr. Ken Russell, whose accomplished television re-creations of the lives of the great are painstaking exercises in loving veracity. If he also thanks Mr. Christopher Logie it is a kind of testimony to the hagiographical spirit in which he celebrates the horrid and colourful, high Romantic, summer of 1816 in which Byron, "Claire" Clairmont, Shelley, Mary and Dr. John Polidori were together on the shores of Lake Lemman, *The Prisoner of Chillon* was inspired, and *Frankenstein* begun.

And yet *A Single Summer* is original in the standpoint it takes: the

events come to us not through the medium of the literary principals, but of Polidori, the literary aspirant and talented physician, at twenty-one not much younger than any of the others, and a pathetic addition (in his capacity as Byron's personal doctor) to a milieu which both fascinated and destroyed him. The narrative is mainly in Mr. Marlowe's hands. Sober and unobtrusive, it is eked out with the documentary evidence: letters, scraps of mythical dialogue, and memoirs of this brilliant, claustrophobic and self-tormenting circle. The method savours of dexterous and well-informed collage, and the manner is romantic, as Byron and Shelley visit the scenes of Rousseau's *La Nouvelle Héloïse* and Madame de Staël and Beau Brummell make their entrances. Mr. Marlowe's earlier novels lacked no resource of ingenuity, and he may claim to be one of the most intelligently enterprising of the young novelists. If *A Single Summer* looks like something of a sideways step into a modish form of documentary for a writer endeavouring to consolidate his reputation, it is none the less a fresh, discerning and accurate account of these much-studied romantic lives.

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The Euro-bond Market

Paul Einzig

Under this new title, Dr Einzig has drastically revised his *Foreign Dollar Loans in Europe* in the light of important changes that have occurred during the five years since the book was published. It includes many of the lessons that have been drawn from the new experience in a market which, being essentially new, had to develop its rules gradually.

France and West Africa

An Anthology of Historical Documents

Edited by John D. Hargreaves

The focus of this anthology of documents is concentrated on African relations with the French. The editor has provided texts which will open up discussion of historical problems and will illustrate the range of documentary sources.

The Elizabethan Theatre

Edited by David Gallaway

The emphasis of this book is on the structure of certain Elizabethan theatres, especially the Second Blackfriars, the Cockpit-in-Court and the Swan Theatre in Whitechapel—but all the essays, in a variety of ways, show a strong awareness of the physical conditions in which Shakespeare and other dramatists of the age worked.

International Organisation: World Politics

Edited by Robert W. Cox

This is a collection of papers by political scientists and economists adopting non-normative approaches to the study of international organisation and concentrating on economic and social activities.

Macmillan

Scorn and sadness

DONALD DAVIE: *Essex Poems, 1983*. 67. 53pp. Routledge and Kegan Paul. 25s.

The themes of Donald Davie's new collection are Nature and civilisation, peace and death, love and spiritual emptiness—curiously metaphysical concerns, one might think, for so studiously repressed, stringently pragmatic a poet. A new note seems to have entered Davie's poetry with this volume, as its final lines suggest:

The transcendent nature
Of poetry, how I need it!
And yet it was for years
What I refused to credit.
"Need" is the crucial term, with its stressed emotional urgency. It points, throughout the book, to a withdrawal from a felt blackness in ordinary life: a withdrawal at once total and so indiscriminate that it can only reach the outer edge of articulation. The film, coolly wrought, of style which Davie has come to practise so expertly still holds: but now its pulse seems maintained against the pressure of an isolation and rootlessness too undermining to be effectively transmuted in the poetry itself. That process of transmutation is still seen as the

Neither dramatic nor poetic

TRUMAN GUY STEFFAN: *Lord Byron's "Cain"*. 500pp. University of Texas Press. (American University Publishers Group). £7.3s.

According to an early reviewer, *Cain* contains, perhaps, five or six passages of as fine poetry as Lord Byron ever wrote or will write; but, taken altogether, it is a wicked and blasphemous performance, devoid of any merit sufficient to overshadow essential defects of the most abominable nature. We are less sensitive on such scores nowadays: *Cain* has even been performed in St. Giles' Cathedral, Edinburgh. But Byron's concern to utter his challenging speculations can still be held to damage the work as a dramatic poem.

Since its protagonist is committed from the start to defiance of God, Lucifer has too little to do. His task is the very simple and perhaps unnecessary one of encouraging by spectacular means a revolt that is already well under way. Nor does the inverted Manichaeism by which he identifies himself with freedom and enlightenment, and God with tyranny and obscurantism, meet with the kind of resistance from either Cain or his wife that could heighten its dramatic effect. In short, Lucifer and Cain come close to being merely two voices serving a single authorial doctrine. The minor, docile characters seem feeble in comparison with them. Byron was perhaps a little disingenuous, and was surely in the wrong, when he argued that Cain and Lucifer are autonomous dramatic creations, and speak only for themselves.

The "five or six passages" which stand out in the poem are passages of powerful rhetoric rather than of evocative poetry. Elsewhere the verse of *Cain* tends to approximate to a fluent and purposeful, if sometimes careless, prose. Though the metrical pattern never quite disappears, it can grow faint. Despite occasional incisive formulations, such as "Lo, Lucifer's harsh dismissal of the heavenly host," "smooth agonies of adulation," the language is rarely memorable in itself.

Professor Steffan thinks more highly of *Cain* than this. He maintains that it gives convincingly dramatic expression to Byron's ideas and that the characters speak for themselves. Central to his formidably elaborate study is a scrupulously edited text of the poem. This occupies about 100 pages; 400 other pages contain annotations to the text, essays on the history of the work and on its

necessary and redeeming work of art. The practice of an art is to convert all terms into the terms of art.

—but the sense of absence at the heart of the volume seems, nevertheless, resistant to any complete expression. When it breaks fully into the open, it emerges as stark statement or cryptic notation, in symbols which are offered rather than critically examined:

Resignation, oh winter tree
At peace, at peace
Read it what way you will,
A wish that fathers, in a field between
The Solens, Thorpe and Kirby, stands
A bare Epiphany.
It might be said that the peace of which the poems speak is so intimate that hint and symbol are its only proper expressions; yet the oppositions around which some of the poems turn—silence against discourse, Nature and death against society—are, when fully exposed, unfocused and even naive, for such a finely intelligent poet. Thanks to industrial Essex I have spun on the greasy axis Of business and sociometrics . . . I know that what they merit is not score, sometimes sorrow And balmed, but sadness really. The limps of this amoult, in

ideas, characters, images, language, and metre, essays on the reception of the poem from 1821 to the present day, and the necessary scholarly apparatus supporting all of these. Professor Steffan is patient, informative, methodical, reasonable, and judicious.

He is shakiest in his discussion of the metre of *Cain*. Unaccountably reluctant either to permit an anapaest or to elide, he taps out—
To inherit agonies accumulated
—into a trochaic hexameter! He finds any number of less regular hexameters: for example—
Souls who dare look the omnipotent tyrant in,
—and—
Ere the night closes o'er the inhibited walls,
—and even—
Might satiate the insatiable of life.
These and other extraordinary scansion compels us to ask what the relaxed but acceptable iambic pentameters of *Cain* can possibly sound

Dark and dated

WILLIAM B. BRASHEAR: *The Living Will: A Study of Tennyson and Nineteenth Century Subjectivism*. 178pp. The Hague: Mouton, 30fl.

Dr. Brashear presents Tennyson as a darkly brooding spokesman of nineteenth-century subjectivism or vitalist thought. He does not claim that Fichte or Schopenhauer or Nietzsche directly influenced the poet. But in his view all four exemplify a philosophical trend that brought a fresh awareness of the deeper and more chaotic forces within the human consciousness: a rediscovery, in other words, of the Dionysian realm. Like others in the movement, Tennyson felt in himself both an impulse to merge or be lost in this chaos and an opposing Apollonian impulse to resist such dissolution or annihilation, to maintain somehow the integrity of the ego. The struggle between the overwhelming forces of darkness and the unyielding living will dominates many of his finest poems, from "The Two Voices" through *In Memoriam* to *Idylls of the King*. In the latter, the fullest embodiment of Tennyson's will, "Australia, Arthur, the living Apollonian illusion of Camelot, with its entire fellowship of the

Round Table"; but when he has gone, "to death or elsewhere, the world is left in night again, and darkness is the ultimate victor". Many readers have commented upon Tennyson's distrust of intellect and his profound but undespising pessimism. By relating the forms these main movements in nineteenth-century thought, Dr. Brashear has performed a useful service. He does not claim to have laid the whole truth about Tennyson, but he has certainly illuminated a centrally important part of it.

Unfortunately, his book was evidently written about two years ago and contains no mention of the often time in relevant work done since that time. In addition, it has been stripped of the bibliography that it must surely have possessed in its original form. As a result, readers will sometimes have difficulty in identifying the works referred to in the footnotes. On page 76, for instance, Dr. Brashear alludes to an "op. cit." by each of four authors whom he has not named on any earlier page. (Checking that this is the case was a laborious business, since Dr. Brashear has supplied no index.) Even his text is unreliable in places: "Arthur, the living Apollonian illusion of Camelot, with its entire fellowship of the

the end, to a wearily conventional Romantic wisdom, at odds with the still alertly discriminating technique. It is the blank distinction between the placed local details of "The Solens, Thorpe and Kirby" and the mute, inscrutable Epiphany, which discloses the essential lackening of engaged intelligence in the poem. Or, to put it another way, it is the lack of relation within a single poem between a characteristically fastidious, self-consciously literary gesture—

And the Sol of Peterborough
Is one long arm of the cold vested sea
of the North
—and the authentic, vulnerably emotional impulse a few lines later:
Pacific is the end of the world,
Pacific, peaceful.

In these poems from four years' work, the gap between what can be effectively said and the intricately accomplished technique available to say it looms disturbingly large. It is disappointing, and ominous, that one of English poetry's most experienced practitioners should come, at this stage, to the point where all that can be offered, against a discerned loss in social and personal life, is really no more than a different kind of blankness.

like to this Dr. Mntean of prosodists.

He pretends to raise other questions. Rather than tell us what the poem feels like to him, how it engages his imagination and modifies his sensibility, he tries to provide an objectively verifiable description of it. He catalogues ideas, character-trait, images, and the rest, and he lists the occurrences of each. His account is informative and even illuminating. But our actual experience of the poem sometimes conflicts with it. A character, may possess all the distinguishable traits that Professor Steffan catalogues but may still not come over to us as a genuinely dramatic creation; and the poem as a whole may possess all the aspects that Professor Steffan describes but may still not come over to us as a work meriting so tremendous a weight of commentary. Now that *Cain* can no longer shock us, can we really see it otherwise than as an interesting and often impressive gesture of protest? As a dramatic poem, it seems deficient both to poetry and to drama.

Fights, games, debates

27th November publications

Letters of Aldous Huxley Ed. Grover Smith

Enid McLeod Charles of Orleans Prince and Poet

F. R. Leavis English Literature in our Time and the University

Stuart Hampshire Modern Writers and other Essays

Vernon Bartlett The Colour of their Skin

Ann Spencer The Cat who Took Cinnamon Toast A Delectable Tale for People who Love Cats and/or Cuisine

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Norman McCaffrey A Man in My Position

David Gill The Pagoda and other Poems

Richard Kell Differences

Alan Bold The State of the Nation

CHATTO & WINDUS

Su Hua Ancient Melody

THE ROBERT

JOSEPH FRANKEL: *International Politics*. 263pp. Allen Lane The Penguin Press. £2.10s.

any systematic study of international politics—and Professor Frankel's is most mathematically systematic—just start with a general conception of what the subject is about. Too often what passes for international politics are merely case-studies of particular nations and their problems, seen from an essentially national point of view. Even when they are put together by an editor with a more than trolly internationalist, Professor Frankel offers only one case-study—that of the Arab-Israeli conflict—and he does so because it happens to illustrate a number of his theses. It serves in the purpose of his chosen task, which he defines as one of

bringing the theoretical and the empirical approaches together and, instead of trying to develop a fully-fledged theory, merely develops a model intended to bring the inclusion of the empirical into a coherent framework.

The character of his model is determined by his conception of the nature of politics, which he defines as "a combination of common concern and of differences in interest". In some fundamental respects the system is much the same as it always was. Up to the Second World War it hardly changed at all, except for the size and number of the states involved; and these were not fundamental changes. Aristotle and Grotius would have had no difficulty in understanding the characteristics of the system described by Harold Nicolson. Professor Frankel methodically catalogues the factors affecting traditional relations between states: the role of values, ideologies and objectives; the techniques of diplomacy, economic policy, propaganda, and external intervention culminating in war; the operation of restraints, domestic and foreign, moral and legal. Virtually the whole content of these chapters could have been written before 1939, even if illustrated by different examples. Since 1945, however, a number of new factors have intervened: the

Playing at war

DREW WILSON: *The Bomb and the Computer*. 180pp. Barrie and Jenkins. 30s.

will be remembered that a Prussian officer of the General Staff once classified officers as either clever or stupid, or industrious. The only ones for whom he could find no use were the clever and industrious, a principle which would apply outside military activity. It should, however, not all those who have a keen eye for strategy on their guard; a common officer can rival the computer in his combination of stupidity and industriousness.

It is, however, a pity that Mr. Wilson's clearly written and useful book was titled so as to give a misleadingly narrow indication of its contents and thus possibly be overlooked by many to whom it has much to say. Briefly, and in simple language, he has reviewed the whole history of war gaming, its history, methods, and its limitations. He attempts to reduce the art of conduct of war, along with other human activities, to an exact science and to have begun in the age of the blunderbuss in the eighteenth century. It is a matter for surprise to find that an approach appealed especially to German officers or that it thrives particularly in the United States, where the Teutonic approach to industrial problems of almost every kind has been and is being applied to war gaming. The enthusiasm which has been and is being displayed there in war gaming and its application to business and industry seems likely to produce the same, barrenest of

strict definition; and there are contemporary situations, particularly between allies, in which one side appears to be conducting a debate while the other is engaged in a fairly ruthless game. Professor Frankel therefore rightly prefers, a scalar diagram to illustrate the degrees of conflict and harmony, rather than a rigid classification of types.

The unit to which these terms apply is of course the State. Although it has never been easy at any stage of history to say exactly what is and what is not a state, Professor Frankel accepts that it must have at least four functional attributes: a people, a territory, a government, and sovereignty. It must also be recognized by other states. It need not have a common language, nor need it be co-extensive with a nation, though clearly these two additional attributes will help to consolidate a state, as also will a common religion. The international system now comprises nearly 150 such units, though some of them are distinctly marginal and some of the most important (China and Germany, for instance) are divided into what can almost be regarded as two separate states. It is the operation of this system, after a short, lucid historical introduction, that is the main theme of Professor Frankel's study.

In some fundamental respects the system is much the same as it always was. Up to the Second World War it hardly changed at all, except for the size and number of the states involved; and these were not fundamental changes. Aristotle and Grotius would have had no difficulty in understanding the characteristics of the system described by Harold Nicolson. Professor Frankel methodically catalogues the factors affecting traditional relations between states: the role of values, ideologies and objectives; the techniques of diplomacy, economic policy, propaganda, and external intervention culminating in war; the operation of restraints, domestic and foreign, moral and legal. Virtually the whole content of these chapters could have been written before 1939, even if illustrated by different examples. Since 1945, however, a number of new factors have intervened: the

erroneous conclusions that these methods, less sophisticatedly conducted, have yielded in the past.

Since, however, the problems examined are often—in the literal sense—vital ones, it is as well that the whole business should be kept coolly and critically under observation by people not actually concerned in its operation. Mr. Wilson claims that his book is not an angry one, but admits it to be rather pessimistic. Such a judgment depends of course on the individual's view of humanity generally and his mistrust of men of science in particular. Although the field is one where jargon and private language proliferate—in itself a danger signal—this account is almost always lucid and explicit. It is thus a pity that the only mathematical footnote concerns a material mistake, in this intended as a warning against using mathematical formulas for measuring human activity?

Practically all the main applications of war gaming are examined and their virtues and weaknesses discussed. The sophisticated methods of operation, which may be used, such as gaming, remains what it always was, an attempted simulation of combat reduced to a set of tidy dimensions. The really important elements of conflict—fear, intuition, confidence, or despair—are removed. Waterloo would be gained without Napoleon's pique, and without the heroism of the British squares.

The significant fact remains that the well-known past situations have been tried, the results have often differed widely from history. Just as military exercises should be

development of communications, in the extent that no situations can be entirely isolated from each other; the increasing sophistication of weapons of war; the population explosion, the demand for new materials, and the application of welfare state principles in an international context. There has been in consequence what Professor Frankel calls a "shift from international politics to world politics". The system has to be seen as a single whole.

Looking from the present to the future, Professor Frankel is a cautious prophet, but he sees the inevitability of further fundamental change. The present international situation is inherently unstable because the actual power structure is dangerously out of line with the potential power structure. (Professor Frankel uses that phrase of the period after 1918, but it is even more applicable to the period since 1945.) Any attempt to forecast the outcome runs into a logical deadlock. Only a world government would be capable of controlling man's destiny; but such a government is scarcely thinkable without a transformation of the nature of man; and such a transformation is hard to conceive outside the scope of a world government. When particular cases like the Arab-Israeli conflict are in question, it seems impossible to be rationally optimistic. Yet it is a fact that since 1945 such conflicts have been localized and contained in a way that the Balkan wars of half a century ago were not. It is also a fact that the increasingly interdependent world seems to be developing a kind of self-regulating mechanism for compelling states in conflict not, indeed, to become reconciled but to learn at least to live with the intolerable. Whether that can last is anybody's guess: Professor Frankel's seems to be one of temperamental optimism. It is a highly educated guess, based both on long experience and on clear and orderly thought. Without necessarily subscribing to his conclusion, it is possible to recommend his book as a judicious and comprehensive introduction to its subject for both students and teachers of international politics.

regarded as only exercises, war games should not be used as military planning devices. Military exercises practise those taking in techniques and when they have been used as tests or rehearsals of anything more than techniques, results have often been wildly misleading. The sophistication of the mode of conduct of a game or exercise, such as the use of computers, adds little to its real value but has the dangerous tendency to look as though it does. It must be good, it costs so much.

Mr. Wilson's account of what is now something of a major industry in the United States, though still a minor one here, should be read by all those who are involved in military decision-making. Plenty of other people will enjoy it for its clarity of thought and wide range, as well as for its insistent questioning of the application of rational systems to the often irrational but essentially human activity of conflict.

The Monthly Review Press has reissued two classic left-wing attacks on Western foreign policy. E. D. Morel's *The Black Man's Burden* (241pp., £2.14s.), first published in 1920, is a history of "the white man's burden" reduced to a set of tidy dimensions. The really important elements of conflict—fear, intuition, confidence, or despair—are removed. Waterloo would be gained without Napoleon's pique, and without the heroism of the British squares.

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On the eve

BRUNELLO VIGEZI: *Da Giolitti a Salandra*. 412pp. Florence. Vallecchi. L.3.500.

In this volume Dr. Vigezi has published six essays concerned with Italy on the eve of her entry into the First World War: of these the first three have already appeared in learned journals, the one on the "radiant days" of May, 1915, as long ago as 1950. The other three go over more or less the same ground. Was there a ruling class, was there a public opinion in Italy in 1914 and 1915, and if so, did they desire neutrality or intervention? Dr. Vigezi obviously knows an enormous amount about what was said and written at the time, but his book is confused by too much overlapping. His claim to be primarily concerned with historiography and with exposing the mistaken notions of more historians, who have presumed that the liberal state still survived in Italy after it had ceased to do so, causes him to display an infuriating indifference towards the sequence of events. Using those invaluable prefects' reports which provide the main item in the diet of the modern historian in Italy, he succeeds in presenting those of May, 1915 for their contents, before he offers a collection of them written in the previous month. It is made as difficult as possible for the reader to understand how feeling in Italy developed, or was thought by the prefects to develop, in this critical period. The historiographer thus blocks the path of the historian, and the impression is one of even greater confusion than that which reigned in Italy at the time.

I could the liberal state be demonstrated as Giolitti felt that it must be if it were to survive? Salandra, who succeeded Giolitti in March, 1914, represented those conservative liberals who wished to be faithful to Casati; they regarded universal suffrage as the negation of liberalism but would favour have thought this in 1914? In Salandra's view, the anarchy of Red Week in June, 1914, had been the direct consequence of the extension of the suffrage in the previous year. If the rulers of Italy did not go to war on the side of the Triple, which Dr. Vigezi thinks might easily have happened in 1914, by 1915 they felt constrained to join the other side in order to give back to Italy her "national coherence" through war. So influential a liberal as Luigi Albertini, the editor of the *Corriere della Sera*, believed that

intervention on the Allies' side was the only way to escape from Giolitti's system which, like Salverini, he had come to regard as fundamentally corrupt. The decision to go to war, Dr. Vigezi implies, ended the liberal chapter and opened the fascist one. This is not a new interpretation, nor is it necessarily valid. An authoritarian war-machine can be discarded when peace returns, as other countries showed. Like other Italian critics, Dr. Vigezi feels that the ordinary people were remote and apathetic before Italy joined the war: at the same time he seems to condemn the street demonstrations in favour of intervention as "South American". Then, as at other times and in other places, all initiatives could not work through Parliament, which, thanks to Giolitti's system, contained a big majority against intervention. But it was a Parliament which had been elected before the war situation could have been contemplated. By the spring of 1915 the prefects reported the South to be expressing only loyalty to the Crown and to the southern Prime Minister, Salandra, while in the Centre and North there was either enthusiasm to join the Allies or unrelenting socialist pacifism—both with a republican flavour though a majority of interventionists were probably monarchist nationalists.

Dr. Vigezi's fourth essay is based upon a correspondence between Otto Joel of the Banca Commerciale Italiana and Prince Biliow and also with von Jagow, then German Foreign Secretary. The Banca Commerciale had been founded with German capital and was furiously attacked by chauvinist interventionists as exerting German pressure against the Italian interests; these attacks were indeed part of the interventionist campaign in the early months of 1915. It is therefore interesting to find Joel telling his German correspondents only that Vienna should not delay its offers to Rome too long if Italy was to be kept out of the war and other harmless advice of this kind. However, the letters published by Dr. Vigezi do not prove that no others were written to or from the Banca Commerciale—it was, after all, a bank. Incidentally the reader is left to speculate whether Joel wrote to Biliow and Jagow in Italian or in German: since Biliow's wife was Italian and Jagow had been German Ambassador in Rome for four years either is possible.

French institution

J. H. SHENNAN: *The Parlement of Paris*. 350pp. Eyre and Spottiswoode. £3.10s.

Although the Parlement of Paris cannot really bear comparison with its namesake at Westminster, in terms of either power or prestige, it was still one of the most important institutions of the ancien régime in France. Dr. Shennan's book on the 500-year history of the Parlement is therefore certain to be of great value to teachers and students of French history, and particularly in Britain, where ideas about the character and role of the court are often extremely vague. He has made an excellent job of explaining its composition and functions, and of tracing its political importance at different periods. But *The Parlement of Paris* is obviously intended to be more than a serviceable work of reference, and in this wider aim it is less successful.

This relative failure is understandable, for the history of the Parlement is fairly bristly with difficulties. Not only does it cover the period between the thirteenth and eighteenth centuries, an enormous time-span for any historian to tackle; the minutiae of paper accumulated during these years is likely to defy even computerized researchers. Dr. Shennan estimates that the 10,500 volumes of minutes contain five million judicial decisions, and this is after two major fires which must have destroyed many more.

Faced with this intimidating mass of evidence, he has apparently decided to leave the dusty pages unturned and rely on the material published by previous scholars. This is a perfectly justifiable decision, and there is certainly no sense in making a feast out of the study of original sources. But it does mean that there is nothing in the book that can strictly speaking be described as new. And on some subjects which deserved attention there is nothing at all, presumably because the printed documents and monographs do not touch them, or because Dr. Shennan missed the clues.

Some of the most serious deficiencies occur in the first part of the book which deals with the Parlement as a court of law. On the very important subject of torture the author simply follows the classic account by Esmein, and adds nothing of his own: in particular, he fails to analyse the process by which the practice fell into disuse in the late eighteenth century. A similar failure to offer explanations occurs in the discussion of relations between the court and the provincial Parlements:

the change from mutual suspicion to alliance is hardly accounted for at all. The censorship is another subject which demands far more searching treatment than it receives, and much could have been made of such episodes as the condemnation of the *Encyclopédie*, which is not even mentioned.

The attitudes of the magistrates are described in general terms, but a great deal more could be said about them. For instance, Professor Mandrill has recently demonstrated the importance of the *liberté* group among the parlementaires in putting a stop to the witherall persecutions, but nothing about their existence could be deduced from a reading of this book. Nor is any explanation offered for the heavy investment in rentes by the magistrates; the fact is simply recorded.

The second and longer part is devoted to the political role of the Parlement. Here again the narrative is competent and useful, but many interesting questions are left unanswered. For example, Dr. Shennan asserts that the ratification of the Treaty of Troyes in 1420 caused a sharp decline in the prestige of the Parlement, but he cites no evidence and does not explain how this prestige rose and fell.

A general fault throughout the book is the lack of attention paid to criticisms or reactions from outside the Parlement, an analysis of which could surely have illuminated its political standing and influence. And very often the *parlementaire* respect for tradition is treated as an adequate justification for actions whose wisdom and even impartiality may be open to considerable doubt. The persistent Gallicanism of the Parlement led it to oppose the Concordat of Bologna, but the Concordat was not necessarily a worse bargain for the country than the Pragmatic Sanction. It did, of course, carry the implication that lucrative benefices in the Church would be in the gift of the monarch, and not of chapters filled with the members of noble and parlementaire families.

Perhaps the most important period of the court's history was the last, that of the reigns of Louis XV and

Local affairs

G. W. JONES: *Borough Politics: A Study of the Wolverhampton Borough Council 1889-1984*. 418pp. Macmillan. £8.

It is with apprehension that one approaches a book on local government costing £8. Unnecessarily in this case for *Borough Politics* is neither too long nor too learned. It is, however, well planned and thorough; it is also in places trivial without being boring. Perhaps it is lack of personal involvement that limits Dr. Jones's appreciation of the fascinating parish pump affairs have for those who occupy the council chambers; perhaps the discoveries of careful research seem sometimes commonplace only to those who have been watching the play for many years.

Recently it has become quite fashionable in comment on local government generally by examining what has happened and what is happening in specific areas. Ten years ago A. H. Birch contributed an excellent study of Glossop in his *Small-Town Politics*; Colchester and rural district was the target for Harvey Benham's *Ten Chores for the Town Hall*; and in 1967, some most useful comparisons were made between methods in Middleton, Salford, Manchester, and Rochdale in J. G. Bulph's *Party Politics in English Local Government*. To these and others we now add Dr. Jones's examination of Wolverhampton.

In Dr. Jones's own words the study examines the elected members who they were, why they were organized and what they did.

Louis XVI, during which the monarchy became more strained. Dr. Shennan says some very sensible comments on these developments, and this is probably the most interesting part of the book, but once again a good more could be said. The Parlement had put up stiff resistance but and had been repeatedly put in place: why was it more so in this period, when the King's control over the country was apparently more complete than ever? The author gives an explanation in terms of political terms, stressing the policies of Henry and Louis XIV, but does not account for the assurance of the magistrates in their wealth, nor does he explain the support they received from the opponents of royal claims. It is surely one of the many vested interests in French society, but it is not one of the many vested interests in the monarchy.

Probably the only possible objection to this book is that it was attempted by a man who simply abolished the cost of 1771, and created new institutions of royal nominees to take its judicial functions. Dr. Shennan overestimates the revolutionary implications of this step; the Parlement had been effectively deprived of power under Louis XIV, and the monarch had not been notably weakened as a result. It is true that the Parlement had trouble with the *ancien régime* that it had too much law, too little, and that vested rights in any direction were possible. Of course, the *ancien régime* was a luxury, even if Louis XVI negated it by the Parlement upon his accession. Kings, ministers and magistrates all trapped within the narrow notions of their upbringing and elimination of one centre of power made little difference to the all situation.

Most of these problems are much easier to raise than to deal with, and if the *Parlement* of Paris is not quite as good a might have been, it is still a scholarly and useful piece of work.

On July 26, 1789, twelve days after the fall of the Bastille, Mme. de Tourzel was appointed governess to the Dauphin and his sister, Mme. Royale. "Madame", explained Marie-Antoinette, "I am entrusting my children to your care." As M. Chalon suggests in his useful introduction to these memoirs, the Queen might have spoken of virtues in the plural, for Mme. de Tourzel possessed them all: the cardinal, the philosopher, and a few others as well. If one considers as a virtue the art of living without faltering during the most dreadful trials, fidelity to an ideal, and the most detailed and, at times, the most implacable memory.

Endowed with such virtues, Mme. de Tourzel might have been insoluble to the people around her; indeed, she was highly respected and loved by her own children. The widow of M. de Tourzel, Grand Provost of France, "Madame de Sévère", as the Dauphin called her, was the Dauphin himself was then ten years old, and if we are to judge from these memoirs, he was not only beautiful but intelligent, serene, and endowed with a tact and character extraordinary for a child of his time. The Queen—but here, again, we should make allowance for the devoted loyalty of the writer—the Queen showed courage and nobility and kindness. In these memoirs Louis XVI and his wife appear, once more, as the unerring victims of politics. One feels inevitable sympathy for them, especially when some first-hand details reveal them and their children as human beings. Mme. de Tourzel, a modern journalist call the human

being, right to Varennes, and

The full Churchillian orchestra

RANDOLPH S. CHURCHILL: *Winston S. Churchill*. Companion Volume II. Part 1, 1901-1907. 675pp. Part 2, 1907-1911. pp. 676-7373. Part 3, 1911-1914. pp. 1374-2159. Heinemann. £10.10s. the set.

Randolph Churchill died in June, 1988, leaving unfinished the biography of his father which he had so well begun. To succeed him the Churchill Trustees appointed in October, 1968, Mr. Martin Gilbert. Fellow of Merton College. His first task was the revision of this Companion Volume which, he states in his preface, Mr. Churchill had already brought to its final stages of production. Its generous size, nearly three times that of the volume which it illustrates, is consonant with his policy of including "the bulk of the relevant letters which his father wrote and received... together with correspondence concerning him which would have been added to the press, and some official documents from the files of the Colonial Office, Board of Trade, Home Office and Admiralty, but since this last class of documents is now open to the scrutiny of historians only the most important are printed here."

The result may sound formidable: it is in fact fascinating. The author has the right idea in deciding, with models as rare as his discernment, that the subject himself would be his best biographer. Nothing is more beguiling to a literary as well as a historical taste, than to follow the words of great events in the words of a master of English rhetoric with all the spontaneity and stir of the contemporary fresh upon them.

Whether he is arguing, as President of the Board of Trade, for a smaller navy or, as First Lord of the Admiralty, for a larger one, his eloquence is equally convincing and the sensitive reader trembles at the disastrous consequences of the threat of resignation which each of these different causes—at different times, of course—provoked. This gift of persuasiveness is a remarkable thing, bearing in mind that, after all, these old quarrels are now as dead as the Trojan war, and the specimens here exhibited might well serve as a vindication of rhetoric as Dante's Queen of Sciences.

Every style is illustrated. Both the epistolary and the senatorial can shake hands on an equality with Cicero, across the centuries. As a subdivision of the former there are Churchill's letters to his wife, before and after marriage; it was a hardy venture by their son to expose these to the light of day, and, yes, they are a little on the sappy side; but they stand publication better than ninety-nine hundredths of love-letters. Contrast, on the other hand, the tremendous formality of obituary which was called forth and inflatingly elaborated when honour was at stake in matters of public controversy. "My Lord", he writes to the Earl of Lytton, husband of his first love, "I am very sorry to read your statements as reported in the *Times* today. They do not maintain that standard of candour and good faith which I have always associated with you." As for the editor of the *Financial Times*.

if anybody at any time has said so, that person is a liar and a slanderer; and if anybody has repeated this statement and said he had no evidence and believed it to be false but that these

is the only difference between that person and a liar and slanderer is that he is a coward in addition.

Brilliant though he is both in dialectic and declamation, perhaps the most sustained demonstration of his command of language comes in the series of Parliamentary reports which, as Home Secretary, he had the duty of sending each night to the King. They were composed usually on the front bench, with little time for elaboration or polishing; occasionally they startled George V with an unwelcome vacuity of expression, but for the most part they are as smooth and respectful as they are succinct. Amusingly partisan, too; Churchill was determined always to see that the Whig dogs had the better of it, though he would put in a word of commendation for a Tory speaker if he were such a particular friend as F. E. Smith.

This volume has an obvious advantage over its predecessor in that it deals with more important events. All the great themes of the period are illustrated with inside knowledge: Free Trade, Independence of the Transvaal and South Africa, Home Rule and, dominating the closing pages, the naval challenge of Germany. Churchill's character, as it matured, is also displayed. There is already that passion for change, almost for the sake of change, that remained with him to the last days of his second Prime Ministership. There is the hatred for hierarchy which led him to seek advice from subordinates, often setting them against their superiors; there is the devotion to eccentricities and charlatans. The partisanship is fierce, but across the floor of the stormy House of Commons yet known it is mitigated by personal friendships.

In his own war memoir Churchill printed plenty of his personal letters and minutes but very few indeed of the replies. His son's practice has been more equitable, and the volume gains thereby. Not many of his correspondents match up to him, but it makes for relief amid the surge and thunder of the Churchillian orchestra to have from time to time an oboe solo from Arthur Balfour and an air from Asquith's philosophical viola. There is one letter here from Balfour which is the finest piece of deflation ever practised on Churchill—the victim ruefully and indirectly admits it. There are other reminders too that he could be mistaken or, as Edward VII put it, "somewhat sanguine in his prognostications". That remark was made with reference to the Transvaal: as all the world now knows, the clever and progressive Liberal ministers and all the brilliant young men of Milner's kindergarten were wrong and King Edward and a number of fools and blimps were right. Lloyd George, who was undoubtedly a better speaker than writer, makes no great impression here. The last chapters are enlivened by numerous letters from Fisher, written at the top of his voice but mixing facts with falsehood. Lord Hugh Cecil has perhaps the smoothest pen among the regular correspondents.

Printing and presentation are admirable. Prosopographical annotation is thorough and has obviously been called for much labour and pains. The editing of the text gives the impression of being rather less careful than in the preceding volume. There is a spattering of misdrawing attention to usually verbal slips but the editor, having passed over without comment some thirty odd misread-

ings, most of which can be easily corrected. Take the first instance noted, from the year 1903: Mr Sidney Lowe is writing of Joseph Chamberlain.

His chief asset is the exaggerated and extravagant pseudo-imperialist ideology which he has allowed and insisted to set up. I always thought he would make the Unionist party "Nay-Nay-Nay" for that or so.

It only calls for a moment's reflection to decide that an historian and alderman of the L.C.C. would be likely to write English not gibberish, and a further moment will restore the correct reading "Pay-Pay-Pay" a pointed allusion to the chorus of "The Absent-minded Beggar". A similar misreading from the year 1913 is more important because it occurs in a political document of great significance. This is the highly private letter from F. E. Smith to Churchill in which he actually suggests the tactics which should be used against his own leader, Carson. "Couldn't you ask", he writes, "what does Sir Ed Carson mean by exclusion?" Does he mean that he and his friends will abandon a factions opposition in that part of Ireland when they are in so small a minority? "No part of Ireland has been mentioned, plainly F. E. Smith wrote 'where' which makes good sense and restores the significance of this most revealing document. In comparison it is of trifling moment whether the gallant General Sir Bindon Blood really thought he was taking after 'Gallies' in expressing no views on Tariff Reform, but an editor might be pardoned for adding 'in this case, with or without a reference to the Acts of the Apostles'.

Madame Sévère

JEAN CHALON (Editor): *Mémoires de Madame La Duchesse de Tourzel*. 478pp. Paris: Marcure du France. 26.90s.

On July 26, 1789, twelve days after the fall of the Bastille, Mme. de Tourzel was appointed governess to the Dauphin and his sister, Mme. Royale. "Madame", explained Marie-Antoinette, "I am entrusting my children to your care." As M. Chalon suggests in his useful introduction to these memoirs, the Queen might have spoken of virtues in the plural, for Mme. de Tourzel possessed them all: the cardinal, the philosopher, and a few others as well.

If one considers as a virtue the art of living without faltering during the most dreadful trials, fidelity to an ideal, and the most detailed and, at times, the most implacable memory. Endowed with such virtues, Mme. de Tourzel might have been insoluble to the people around her; indeed, she was highly respected and loved by her own children. The widow of M. de Tourzel, Grand Provost of France, "Madame de Sévère", as the Dauphin called her, was the Dauphin himself was then ten years old, and if we are to judge from these memoirs, he was not only beautiful but intelligent, serene, and endowed with a tact and character extraordinary for a child of his time. The Queen—but here, again, we should make allowance for the devoted loyalty of the writer—the Queen showed courage and nobility and kindness. In these memoirs Louis XVI and his wife appear, once more, as the unerring victims of politics. One feels inevitable sympathy for them, especially when some first-hand details reveal them and their children as human beings. Mme. de Tourzel, a modern journalist call the human

being, right to Varennes, and she conveys the tension and apprehension of the journey: she recalls how, at Dormans, on the return to Paris, the Dauphin was so frightened by the cries of the populace

qu'il rêva qu'il était dans un bois avec les loups et que la reine y était en danger, et il se révéla en pleurant et en sanglotant. On ne put le calmer qu'en le conduisant chez cette princesse; et la voyant bien portante, il se baissa recoucher et dormit tranquillement jusqu'au moment du départ.

Such details as this bring these memoirs alive; but there are all too few of them: far fewer than one might expect in a woman's account of events. Mme. de Sévère, recalling the Revolution to the days of the Bourgeois Restoration, recalls its emotions with indignation and yet with a certain detachment. She discusses politics, the Court, the disintegration of the Régime—but she does so with a somewhat Rococo air: more concerned with morality, with the struggle between vice and virtue, authority and rebellion, dignity and vulgarity, than with the individuals concerned. One constantly wishes that she would discard the *grandes vices d'ensemble* and give us, instead, *la chose vive*. M. Chalon, in his introduction, describes her as a boring reporter, with an eye for the essential. One cannot help wishing that, finding herself to her unique position, Mme. de Sévère had not remained a modern journalist call the human

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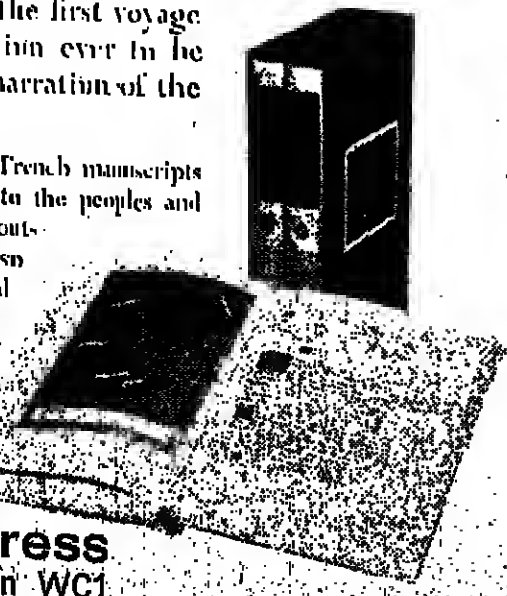
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velli did long for favour, for a court appointment, for some kind of political work. The prefatory letter opens with the words, "Men who are anxious to win the favour of a Prince", and ends with, "And if from your lofty peak, Your Magnificence will sometimes glance down to these low-lying regions, you will realise the extent to which, undeservedly, I have to endure the great and unremitting malice of failure."

Lorenzo looked down from his peak, it is said, to see *The Prince*, and to prefer to it a present of two conning dogs which someone had brought him. This Lorenzo was not up to much—he was not, of course, the Lorenzo known to history as the Magnificent—but if he had been wiser he might have acted differently only in preferring a different alternative gift. Poor Machiavelli continued to endure the malice of fortune. As long as the object of his dedication lived he got nothing at all. After Lorenzo's death the signor Cardinal Giulio de' Medici received Machiavelli and threw a little work his way; not diplomatic work or political work, but the writing of a (grudgingly) subsidized history of Florence, the kind of work the wise and powerful find for inconvenient and uncomfortable talent enough to keep the man out of mischief, and under one's eye, and possibly, with luck, to acquire some reflected glory, probably at the posthumous knoll, from having had him around the place.

Then some very small almost decisively tiny diplomatic missions for the ex-Secretary, who had once represented his Republic on missions to the Court of France, and to the Pope, not to mention Cesare Borgia. He now had an grand and a commission from his successor as Secretary to the Chapter General of the Friars Minor at Capri. It sounds as if someone was making a neat little Florentine double pike at the expense both of Machiavelli and of the Franciscans.

Then, at the end, a moderate degree of favour with the Pope and the Medici, just enough by a final stroke of ill-fortune to involve him thoroughly, after the fall of Rome in 1527, in the ruin of the Medici cause. Had he remained in the full glare of disfavour, as under Lorenzo, he might conceivably have been restored to his old post as Secretary by the new republican government. The fact that he had worked, in small ways, for the Medici might, in itself,

have been forgiven to him—in fact the Republic reappointed a former Medici appointee to Machiavelli's old post. But the man who had written *The Prince*, dedicated it to the dog-loving Duke, urged him to emulate Cesare Borgia, and then worked for his family—that man was too conspicuously committed to be forgiven. The old Republican died in disgrace with the Republic. *The Prince* was the main cause of this disgrace. According to Machiavelli's incriminating, G. B. Busini:

The wealthy considered *The Prince* a document written to teach the Duke how to take away their possessions and the poor felt it was written as an encouragement to take away all their freedom. By the Paganini Followers of Savonarola he was considered a heretic, by the virtuous disapproved, by the second-rate a greater scandal and cleverer than they were—so that everyone hated him!

Everyone hated him, because of a book he had written in the hope of restoring his credit and fortunes. It is a singular outcome for the enterprise of a very clever man, and nobody, so far as I know, ever contested the cleverness of Machiavelli. Clever people, it is said, are especially liable to silly things. It is a maxim consooling to the stupid, who however are not so stupid as not to be on the watch for the silly things that clever people do, say and—especially—write. Machiavelli, with his masterpiece of indifference, left himself wide open. In terms of the career he sought to resume *The Prince* is a self-inflicted and fatal wound. It is so because it is not single-minded, not subjected to the limitations of one narrow purpose, not written to please Lorenzo, while offending as few other people as possible, in short not in the vulgar sense, in the least Machiavellian.

Three main general purposes or wishes have been discerned in *The Prince*: a radical one, a patriotic one, and a scientific one. These I now propose to discuss.

The view of Machiavelli as essentially a left-wing figure goes back a long way. The English republican, James Harrington, and to a lesser degree other seventeenth-century republicans knew their Machiavelli, and liked to quote in particular those passages from the *Discourses* which express a theoretical preference for popular and republican government. More generally, he could be praised, as he was by Gabriel Naudé, for having "uttered in public the secrets of rulers, the occult frauds and

wickednesses of state officials, and all those things that in a country's administration should be kept hidden." Rousseau interpreted *The Prince* as a warning: "His pre-Prince as a warning: 'He pre-tended to instruct kings, instead he taught the people a magnificent lesson. The Prince is a book for ruminators.' Karl Marx admired Machiavelli, and in our own time the intellectual leader of Italian communism, Antonio Gramsci, praised him highly in a work composed in the Fascist prison where Gramsci died. Gramsci, in his important essay *The Modern Prince*, published posthumously by the Istituto Gramsci in Rome—and published here in translation by Lawrence and Wishart—supposes that Machiavelli

had in view "those who do not know" (*chi non sa*), that he intended to give political education to "those who do not know" . . . not a negative political education of hatred for tyrants, but a positive education of those who must recognize (recognize) certain necessary means even if those of tyrants, because they want certain ends.

And Gramsci goes on:

Machiavellianism has helped to improve the traditional political technique of the conservative ruling groups, just as has Marxism; but this must not conceal its essentially revolutionary character, which is felt even today and which explains the whole of anti-Machiavellianism from that of the Jesuits to that of the pietistic Pasquale Villari.

One may well doubt whether Machiavelli had any such conscious intention as Gramsci, following Rousseau's hint, attributes to him. Gramsci put Machiavelli on the same side as Savonarola, and has been scornfully rebuked for this by the modern Machiavellian scholar, Giuseppe Prezzolini. Certainly a letter of Machiavelli's written when the Prior was dominant in Florence, shows a Machiavelli coldly hostile to Savonarola. One would expect as much; neither the pious nor the puritanism of the *piagnoni* were likely to appeal to that most worldly of Florentines. Nor is it easy to agree with Machiavelli's sympathetic biography, Roberto Ridolfi, in finding that Machiavelli's scathing contemporary comments on the Friar and his followers are somehow cancelled out by his approving references to him after his death. It is what was said when Savonarola was around that counts.

The thesis of Gramsci's *The Modern Prince* is vulnerable at many points—and Prezzolini makes it seem more vulnerable still, by picking out the weakest and most extreme bits, thereby doing serious injustice to Gramsci's rich and complex essay. Yet Gramsci is, I believe, closer to the essential truth than Prezzolini, for whom Machiavelli is an aristocrat, a man of "the few". It is true that Machiavelli's pessimistic view of man means to place him philosophically in what is in the main a conservative tradition of thought. Thus he won the approval of T. S. Eliot, who wrote in an essay in "Far Lanelet Andrews": "Machiavelli was no fanatic; he merely told the truth about humanity. . . . Lord Morley intimates that Machiavelli saw only half of the truth about human nature. What Machiavelli did not see about human nature is the myth of human goodness which for liberal thought replaces divine grace."

Yet, however acceptable Machiavelli's view of human nature may in theory be to a conservative mind—and however grateful Eliot may have been for a simple Florentine scribe with which to administer a passing whack to a nineteenth-century liberal—I believe that Machiavelli, and the Machiavelli of *The Prince* in particular, is profoundly uncongenial to practical conservatism in active politics, and irreconcilable to the interests which they seek to protect. This is not because of anything that he may have consciously intended, but because of what he was. The fellow was what the French call a vulgarizer. Indeed, a vulgar person who wrote—by pre-sort of thing that should not be left around for the servants to see. He was, in the language of a distinguished while Russian lady, "a vulgarizer of the idiom". In Italian terms, the ex-Secretary brought the

language of the Palazzo right into the Piazza, where it should have no place. Gramsci is surely right in saying that the people—"those who do not know"—*inevitably* have more to learn from Machiavelli than princes have. Where Burke, in the true conservative tradition, would clunk the origins of the state with "a public well-wrought veil", and have us "apprehend to the faith of the state as to the wounds of a father with pious awe and trembling solicitude", Machiavelli, who seems to have been incurable by nature of experiencing anything resembling awe, simply tears away the veil, or boogaroo. Rousseau, Marx and Gramsci were more consistent with the general pattern of their thinking in expressing admiration for Machiavelli than Eliot was. (Nietzsche was an enthusiastic Machiavellian, but Nietzsche was not a conservative. He, in his own way, was a revolutionary.)

Not that Machiavelli is quite as easy to annex as Gramsci seems to suggest. One can imagine the famous ambiguous smile on the lips of the great Florentine, on reading one of those who praise Gramsci: "those who must recognize certain necessary means, even if those of tyrants, because they want certain ends." One can imagine a gloomy voice from Saint Andrea:

Reverence, indeed Messer Antonio? But it is not enough just to recognize these means, if, as you say, they are necessary, and if you and your friends really want these "certain ends". . . . the word required. Why not say what you mean? I always did. And if you use the means of tyrants, don't blame me if you are taken for tyrants yourselves. . . . On consideration perhaps you are right to use the word "recognize". Deception belongs, after all, with cruelty among "the means necessary". . . . Funny how I forgot that, in practice, when I sat down to write!

Machiavelli's revolutionary potential is linked to his patriotism by the one great passion of his practical life: the idea of a militia, to replace the mercenary soldiers on which the Italian states had hitherto depended. Florence gave the idea a trial, and it worked out badly. The militia ran away from the Spanish infantry at Prato; perhaps they had not much interest in what they were supposed to be defending. Prato was the end of that Republic of which Machiavelli was Secretary, and of his official career. Yet he did not cease to advocate the idea of a militia. Even at the very end, just before the catastrophe of 1527, he was trying to raise a militia, this time for the Pope, to liberate Italy from the barbarians.

Guicciardini, the cautious aristocrat, threw cold water on the idea. His objections were various and sensible, but one can divine an underlying but necessarily unspoken theme: "Arm the peasantry? No thank you. Foreign occupation is greatly to be preferred." It was, in essentials, the position of many Frenchmen in 1870 and again in 1941. Machiavelli's position on the other hand was closer to that of the Jacobin patriots: Drive off the foreign invader at whatever cost, and by whatever means. It was ultimately, even if not originally and by intent, a revolutionary position. Unfortunately, the Italians, while often in a sufficiently revolutionary mood to chastise their own rulers when these had already been beaten by the foreigners, were by no means ripe for revolutionary war against the foreign invaders. Machiavelli was more patriotic than his pupils, more revolutionary than those Florentine Republicans who treated him as an odious sycophant of the Medici.

Machiavelli's patriotism has sometimes been discounted. The famous "Exhortation to Liberate Italy from the Barbarians" which concludes *The Prince* is sometimes treated as an irrelevance, or exorcism, especially by those who are at pains to emphasize the scientific character of Machiavelli's writings. Today the idea of patriotism, or nationalism, tends to make people uncomfortable or depressed because of our knowledge of what its uninhibited expression has brought and could bring. We feel more at home with the universal, conceptually if not in reality, "internationalism". In a term of abuse, often rather freely used, as when the Chinese accused of being parochial. It is

think, this anti-parochial tendency to transcend nationalism, tends to blind some commentators on Machiavelli by so much as behind Machiavelli's political writings is a patriotic one. The wish to liberate Italy from the barbarians. This was clearly Eliot's patriotic passion, the motor of his mind—and he was to this conception is stronger than it was forty years ago. resistance perhaps explains the general neglect of the importance of *The Prince* of Machiavelli, which Machiavelli wrote in 1516, that is to say a long time after *The Prince*. Ambition, the series known as the "develops and deepens the idea" of the "short-story", and the integral realism to the *Prince*. Let me quote again from it in the line tracks Joseph Tuziani:

But if you really want to know that makes a people rule, and while still Ambition reigns in

And why can France remain Why, on the other hand, all his Crosses a stormy sea of adversity. And why, in certain lands, age

And proud the result of that Great and Ambition was, great the answer is that, when the ferocious hearts and talen

When first a nation has been instructed by good laws, it is not to be deceived by these forces and

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the lover of Italian liberty is an acceptable concept, but Machiavelli the advocate of the view that Italy should so organize itself as to be able to ensnare others does not look so good. Is the study of Cesare Borgia's repertoire of dirty tricks being recommended in order that Italians may be put in a position to practise these dirty tricks, on a much larger scale, at the expense of other nations? This thought, which clearly emerges from a comparison of *Ambition* with *The Prince*, leaves Machiavelli looking even more disconcerting than before, if that were possible. *Ambition* refutes Eliot's view that "Machiavelli was not interested in the modern idea of Empire; a united Italy was the limit of his vision" and simultaneously, and by its acceptance of the necessity of imperialism, *Ambition* makes it harder—though not perhaps impossible—to sustain Gramsci's interpretation. But few of those who have discussed *The Prince* show any signs of having read *Ambition*.

The grand defence and justification of Machiavelli has always been, and remains, the fact that he founded the scientific study of politics. Others had talked about politics as it ought to be. Machiavelli cleared the cant away, and tried to "tell it like it was". He simply told the truth about how power works. If you don't like the heat keep out of the torturer's chamber. This theme has often been eloquently developed, and needs no further emphasis. I believe it to be mainly true, but subject to more qualifications than it usually gets. The fact that the initial impetus is not scientific but patriotic does not invalidate the scientific character of the work itself; that point is well covered in Eliot's essay. But the patriotic intent does imply that, where the author has found something which he believes to be true, he will also wish to persuade the reader that it is true: the unscientific temptation to pile it on a bit enters here. Machiavelli's wish that his own boss, the Gonfalonier of Florence, Pier Soderini, had a bit more devil in him may well have impelled him to glorify by contrast the banditries of Borgia. There was some romanticism there also.

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Machiavelli, as Guicciardini rather sourly observed, had an excessive taste "for violent and extraordinary remedies". He also wished to "one of the ways of attracting attention is to shock. It did not turn out to be a good idea, in terms of political rehabilitation but, in terms of literary immortality, it did. It would be do, that Machiavelli was indifferent to literary fame, and that his sole passion was for active politics. He writes too well for that.

These considerations, by no means negate the well-founded claim that Machiavelli is the father of political science. On the contrary they reinforce this: he was a funny kind of father, for a funny kind of science.

Nor of course, is *The Prince* always—or, as I think, often—read in any scientific spirit. As I read Gramsci's *The Modern Prince*, my attention caught by that word "recognize"—constituting as it does an odd quiver in a resolute sounding sentence—the thought struck me that what politicians might look for in *The Prince* was not information, which they already possess, but moral comfort, permission, even absolution. A man of humane temper and truthful disposition, required to lie or kill for his party or his country, or his cause, might find himself with the thought that the necessity to act in this way was proved by Machiavelli, and what is necessary cannot be wrong. Could the availability of this moral comfort, in concrete situations, be marginally decisive for a wavering mind? Could the balance be tipped by a reading of the appropriate passages in *The Prince*, in favour of murdering a politically inconvenient civil? The answer is yes, I think, unless we are prepared to make the improbable assumption that reading never influences anyone in any decision. It is not a reason for burning *The Prince*—unless we are prepared first to burn the Bible, which has done and is doing incomparably more harm, in terms of instigating murder, than ever *The Prince* can have done. It is a reason, however, for either

accepting the necessity for the more of politically inconvenient children, as Machiavelli does, or for rejecting this, in which case one is also rejecting the claims of a political science disconnected from morality. The second position is intellectually the more dowdy but has perhaps something to recommend it: at least from the point of view of politically inconvenient children.

What fascinates in Machiavelli is not scientific method but the resourceful and surprising energy of intelligence, and joy in the exercise of intelligence. Sometimes, admittedly, it appears a somewhat primitive joy in the advantage which intelligence confers—that pleasure in the idea of pulling the wool over the eyes of the stupid, which is so evident in Machiavelli's comedy, *Mandragola*. But it goes further than that. Even the patriotism of this Florentine is a patriotism of intelligence. The enemy is the barbarian invader, brute force, *furore* against *virtù*. The order which is imagined, passionately desired, and to be encompassed at all costs is a triumph of intelligence, through intelligence and the courage of intelligence: the courage to look steadily at the block and the bloody knife, and try to think steadily through what they mean. This is also revolutionary: the most intelligent of conservatives, Edmund Burke, does not set this kind of value on intelligence: rather he deliberately discounts it, biding us vain prejudice and habit as against it.

We do not care about the victory of Florence, or about revolution in sixteenth-century Italy, much less about a new Roman Empire. It is the imagined order, of which these things were supposed, emboldenments, that concerns us permanently, and now most pressingly: the victory of imaginative intelligence over brute matter, including the brute matter of our own destructive passions—through the harnessing of these destructive passions themselves—into an order under the control of intelligence. The sixteenth-century Italian gave expression to the passionate need for that victory. Our own age, in the shadow of the apocalypse, knows that victory as the alternative to the disappearance of the species. But where

he could still think in local terms, we are required to think in universal terms, not for utopian reasons, but because of the necessities of our situation. "Pent-up fury" can now no longer be safely exported anywhere. We need to live with it. For that, we have need of the courage, the creative imagination and the candour which Machiavelli so dazlingly exemplified. But the point is approaching where we can no longer afford his little bag of tricks.

This lecture was delivered by Dr. O'Brien on Monday. It was followed by papers on Burke (Tuesday) and Nietzsche (Wednesday). Tonight Dr. O'Brien gives the fourth and last of these T.S. Eliot Memorial Lectures—on Yeats. All four lectures will be published eventually in a single volume by Faber and Faber.

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To the Editor

Permissions

Sir, I agree with Mr. Gibbs-Smith (September 25) in doubting there is any grave risk of books being pirated by long extracts in pseudo-criticism. If there is, limitation should be proportionate to total length, rather than absolute. This should stop genuine copyright violations.

Short of that, I can't understand the panic. Any writer, surely, will as readily be judged by what he wrote, as by what a reviewer says he did. If he loses over-praise, he escapes misrepresentation.

In the single notice I ever had which I know to be deliberate unfair, major historical errors not in the book were put into the summary; established facts were criticized as plot-invention; words of a narrator spoken in character were misquoted with reversal of the meaning, attributed to the author ex cathedra, and used as basis for a fictional account of my opinions. I should hardly have complained if the space had been given instead to extracts; and the reader who was going to dislike the real book would have had far warning not to spend his money on it.

Speaking as a reader, I find there is no substitute for quotation in making one's choice. It is why people browse in bookshops. Most of us must at some time have bought a book on the strength of a quotation given in an adverse review.

MARY RENAUULT.

Cape Town.

Pornography

Sir—As one of 300 journalists who covered the Sex-Messe in Copenhagen recently, I would like to endorse your remark in *Commentary* (November 6) that "a good deal is being taken for granted about the liberating effect of free pornography."

After discussing the whole question of pornography with Danish psychiatrists, officials of the Ministry of Justice, and members of the Folketing, I discovered that there has been almost no scientific research as to the effect of pornography on the human personality.

The Criminal Law Committee which, in 1966, recommended that the ban on pornographic literature be lifted did not pretend to go into the matter thoroughly. The criminologists, psychiatrists and psychologists who appeared before the committee had only their own limited experience to go on in pronouncing pornography to be harmful. Such studies as were cited examined pornography only in relationship to known sex offenders, and therefore had no relevance as to its impact on the Danish population as a whole.

In place of facts based upon scientific inquiry I found a bland consensus on the part of those to whom I talked of which the following unsupported assumptions are typical:

That pornography is not socially harmful. (Some go so far as to assure one cheerfully that "pornography is good for you.")

That children are not interested in pornography.

That the present adult interest in pornography in Denmark will die down once the novelty of having it freely on sale wears off.

That pornography will then become very much a minority interest indulged in by middle-aged men.

That sex crimes, including those against children, will decrease as a result of making hard-core pornography legal.

This last assumption would seem to be borne out by the 1968 crime figures, which show a slight decrease in the number of sex offences. But, as you rightly point out, this reading of the crime statistics does not take into account the fact that, in Denmark's present state of permissiveness, fewer people report such crimes, while the police are more reluctant to make arrests except in serious sex cases.

We want to prevent those who are not interested in pornography from getting it pushed at them in the street, and through the letter-box," declares Knud Tjestrup, Denmark's Minister of Justice, in explaining that Danish police retain the power to make arrests for offensive window displays, or other forms of advertising that can be deemed to offend.

If all depends upon what one means by "offensive," one porno-shop in the heart of Copenhagen's main shopping centre has a window display of white and black leather underclothing together with the usual explicit photographs of sexual intercourse. One Sunday even *Politiken*, one of Copenhagen's most respectable newspapers,

Permissions

carries a full page of classified advertisements for clubs with names like Happy Sex, Erotica, Sexland, and the Love Inn, where blue films are shown nightly. In some of these clubs the films are followed by live entertainment which would put to shame anything that could be seen in the back streets of Cairo. *Politiken* also advertises such hard-core publications as *Weekend Sex* and *Culture Love*, as well as "Contact Bureaus", which arrange parties in private homes. Any writer, surely, will as readily be judged by what he wrote, as by what a reviewer says he did. If he loses over-praise, he escapes misrepresentation.

One last observation. When I pointed out the ease with which Danish children can obtain pornography simply by inserting a few coins in a vending machine, a psychiatrist attached to the University of Copenhagen solemnly assured me that this was not so. The "pornomas" had been placed too high on the walls for children to reach them, he claimed.

TOM A. CULLEN.

N.E.A. Service Inc., 8 Boulevard Street, London, E.C.4.

'The Joke'

Sir—Now that I have been able to discuss the English translation of *The Joke* with Mr. Milan Kundera in Prague I must, if I may, amplify what I wrote in my letter last week. We have been through the changes that have been made in the novel, without his consent owing to a most unfortunate misunderstanding.

Mr. Kundera disapproves deeply of the rewording of part of the text. In the new edition, which I have in my case, he has required that, in the original sequence of the paragraphs, the names of the characters will be reinstated and, with the author's permission, the names of the relevant characters will be repeated in the present edition) to make it crystal-clear which characters are associated with each passage. In the original this is self-evident through the characters' multitudinous style of expression—something that is difficult to put across in translation. Secondly, all the passages that were omitted but, as the author emphasizes, play their artistic role in the structure of the novel, will be put back. In any event he will see the complete text before it goes to the printer.

I have made my apologies to Milan Kundera for what has happened. Although he disapproves strongly of my editing, he has been generous in allowing us to make amendments in this way rather than stop the sale of the present edition forthwith. When the new version is ready copies will be sent to those critics who saluted *The Joke* for the very first time.

JAMES MCGIBBON.

Macdonald & Co. (Publishers) Ltd.,
St. James House, 49/50 Poland Street,
London, W1A 2LG.

Sir—The controversy about the translation of Milan Kundera's novel *The Joke* raises some fascinating points for book lovers. I am puzzled by translation, though I am puzzled to learn that parts of the original would have been "abridged" to readers here. I read the Czech original and found it easy to follow.

However, one now learns that, though this volume was offered as a translation, one chapter out of seventy-two was cut outright, that there were two "major transpositions", and that there had been some "lightening up" from which the book was "to benefit artistically". Even if the author's agreement had been obtained, should this be offered to the public as a translation?

This question, one gathers from the letters that have been published, may sound naive to publishers and translators; such alterations may be commonplace to them. But they are not to readers, and publishers ought to tell them whether what they offer is a good translation, or a new version tailored to suit the tastes of their public. I may add that I feel personally affected, for I bought *The Joke* as a gift for someone else, and should have hesitated to do so had I known that the volume I gave was not what I had read.

H. G. ALEXANDER.

56 North End House, London, W.14.

Colonels and
Freedom Fighters

Sir—I am not surprised that Mr. Young (November 6), despite the fact that he is a professional journalist, is

historian... playing Log Cabin... I repeat that... There is no such... I am disappointed, but... surprised, that he has not... those guilty of practicing... The does, however, point out... benefit of your reviewer the... between Markovits and his... myself as a "printing... chances of a printer... turning Makarezo into Mak... his remote.

The similarity which Mr. Young's letter finds between the Greek army regime and the Wilson government is a "sexual need" was "an... reason for asking for leave in... Greek army?"

I was not questioning the extent of Grivas' individual involvement in the post-Varkiza purges, but rather the extent to which these were carried out under Grivas' direction. His view that the E.L.C.'s forces have been "more active" than Grivas is irrelevant. Some battalions of the National Guard were quite active in repressing the Left as were the E.L.C. forces supposed to be. The tolerance shown by the Greek Government of Grivas was not a member to this... indicates that the desire to take... of the supporters of EAM-ELAS... means confined to Grivas and... the thugs.

Your reviewer (October 30) at least made some effort to correct criticisms. May I deal with them by point?

1) If your reviewer will read my letter he will discover that I am not preposterous, as that Mr. Vlachou's tortured, her support... Karanastasi, but that the... to George Papandreu. So... assertion is, I repeat, preposterous. I now have Mr. Vlachou's authority for saying that at no... of her newspapers support... Papandreu. As for your... that I repeated "Is... silent" over two of what he... to have been Mr. Vlachou's... I would reply that I cannot... I should have discussed this... in a letter which was cancelled... of Mr. Young's book... the inadequacies of your review... not with Mrs. Vlachou's... development, fascinating though... topic may be.

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3) I absolutely agree that Mr. Constantinos FitzGibbon's opinions should be considered the last word on the... allegations. My point was pre... to demonstrate the unvision of... to heavy dependence on the... and apparatus of visiting G.P.s and... few of whom have any special... knowledge of Greece. Far myself... be content to accept the verdict... the Human Rights Commission... shortly to present its report to... of Ministers of the Council... Europe.

I agree with your reviewer that... *Paradise* contains "warty... misspellings, inaccuracies". Your reviewer makes great play... the relatively brief treatment given... Campbell, Sherrard and Woodhouse... the group and subsequent events, but... he really is suggesting that... Greek politics "begin only in... 1947, fifteen days before the... parties were officially... conclusion, I would categorize... as "inaccurate, intemperate... of any means". These are not my... but Mr. Young's, apropos an... on the language, question in... which appeared in your journal... *Woodhouse* is merely inaccurate... temperate.

Richard Clogg.

School of Slavonic and East European... University of London, W.C.1.

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Toronto's waterfront, which will serve no purpose but the destruction of hundreds of acres of parkland.

We are sure that everyone familiar with the Canadian scene would agree that this statement is not only unfair and misleading, but is quite untrue in a number of respects. It is distressing to see a report such as this in a journal as responsible and influential as *The Times Literary Supplement*.

For the record, we would point out that our donations to cultural organizations in the 1960s are well in excess of half a million dollars, and this amount represents only a small fraction of donations made in other charitable causes which would not be considered cultural.

The reference to our family's support of a race-track in Toronto, is also distorted. My brother, George Eaton, is a professional racing driver, and endorsed this venture along with the *Toronto Telegram*. It would not have destroyed any parkland, since it was to have been built on existing roads in the city of Toronto, and would have added another event of international interest to the Toronto scene.

We are upset and hurt, and we trust you will make every effort to see that any future references to our family are more thoroughly researched.

F. S. EATON.

President, Eaton's of Canada Limited,
191 Yonge Street, Toronto.

Leonard Woolf

Sir—Will you allow me a little space in which to comment upon your reviewer's answer (November 6) to my inquiry? Your reviewer originally said:

"He [Leonard Woolf] makes the assumption always that he was part of an intellectual elite" (October 30). Any one reading and believing this would suppose that *The Journey Not the Arrival* contains, not one, but many passages in which the author is guilty of intellectual arrogance.

Where, I asked, is the evidence that Leonard Woolf ever made this assumption? It might justifiably have asked for evidence contained in this particular volume? Your reviewer has produced no evidence. He falls back upon what he calls "a commonplace". He considers that Leonard Woolf must have been guilty of the charges made against him because it is "a commonplace" that he was guilty. This means, presumably, that when enough people believe in a man's guilt he may be considered without evidence. It is the kind of argument that one might expect from a witch-hunter, but not from one of your reviewers.

QUENTIN BELL.

Cable Place, Biddingham, Leven, Sussex.

"Our reviewer writes: What is all this about guilt-feelings and witch-hunting? It is grossly untrue far away from... Woolf's ideas and their limitations. His view of society was perhaps confused and inadequate", I said, and gave reasons for my opinions. It is Mr. Bell not I, who brings to the word "arrogant".

Henry James

Sir—Your October 30 review of Leo Edell's *Henry James: The Treacherous Years* describes the trauma inflicted on James by the reception of his play *Guy Duvivier* at the St. James's Theatre on January 3, 1895. An incident occurred that night which may have added to the keenness of James's disappointment. I believe this has never been fully reported before.

Another Anglo-American playwright made his first bow to a London audience at the same theatre that evening: Julian Huxley, whose one-act farce *Topsy* had preceded *Guy Duvivier* on the programme. But whereas James was booed off the stage when he appeared on it, when the curtain fell on Huxley's play "there was a storm of applause from a certain part of the gallery and upper circle, and continued for some time, the author, who could not be hushed. Finally the author, astonished and dazed, came forth" (Q. W. Smallwood, *New York Tribune*). Field's play was favourably mentioned by Shaw, H. G. Wells, and the critic of the *Albion*.

I am at work on a book about Julian Osgood Field (1852-1925) and would be obliged to you for any information that you may be able to send me about him.

EDWARD D. McDUGALL.

444 Central Park West, 11th Fl., New York, N.Y. 10024, U.S.A.

John Whiting

Sir, In your review of John Whiting's *Collected Plays* (November 6), your reviewer misquotes my introduction and misunderstands the purpose of it. I did not say: "Had he gone on writing in the way he started, he would have become a great playwright." I said he "could" have—meaning that he had the potential and that it could have happened. To insist that it would have happened would be ridiculous.

It is also unfair to imply that I was trying to write a spirited defence of Whiting or to "champion his virtues". The introduction to his plays is hardly the place to do that, and in any case I would not have wanted to repeat what I said in my preface about him. All I wanted to do was to set the early work in the context of its reception by the critics and to illuminate its relationship to the later work. My view is that Whiting was not a playwright in the style he had adopted in *The Devils*, *Day and Marching Song*. Your reviewer obviously thinks that *No Why and The Devils* are his best plays and that the difficulty in the earlier work was wilful and unnecessary. He ignores my point that *Smith's Day* was written as an exercise, with no idea that it would be produced, and he implies that *Marching Song* is obscure in the same way. It is not. It is complex but clear.

We are upset and hurt, and we trust you will make every effort to see that any future references to our family are more thoroughly researched.

F. S. EATON.

President, Eaton's of Canada Limited,
191 Yonge Street, Toronto.

Your reviewer's lack of sympathy for Whiting is clear from his last assertion that "he deserved his defeat". But I am not clear what he means by his repeated use of the word "spiritual" or by saying: "He tried to write plays on the same principle that T. S. Eliot applied in *Four Quartets*." It is true that there are internal echoes and structural imagery in the plays, but how could anyone write a play in the same principle as a non-narrative, abstract poem sequence? And it is sheer nonsense to claim that the plays are "far removed from the flamboyant immediacies of the heart, or the vulgarities of everyday poetry." Both are absolutely basic to them.

Schoolmasterish and Olympian at the same time, your reviewer makes no attempt to substantiate his assertion that "Whiting was he had touched the limit" (paraphrasing his earlier style). Though he refers twice to the brief fragments of *The Normans* (1963), which I included, he carefully ignores the whole act of the unfinished two-act play *Norman*, which was written after *Marching Song* but before *The Devils*. It is therefore central to any serious discussion about Whiting's change of style.

RONALD HAYMAN.

47 Regent's Park Road, London, N.W.1.

Woodrose

Sir—The reviewer of *Woodhouse* by T. P. Whish and K. Crossley-Holland (October 16) asks whether the word "woodrose" has an Anglo-Saxon source. It is recorded in Bosworth and Toller's *Anglo-Saxon Dictionary* in the form *wood-wāsa* (*wood* = "wood") as a gloss for "sayer" or "faunt"—i.e., sayer, wild man. It does not seem to occur in any extant literary work of Anglo-Saxon, but it is recorded in several poems in Middle English, especially in an alliterative poem—e.g., *Gawain and the Green Knight*, where Gawain, on his travels to and from the Green Knight, fights "Sumwhyth wyth woodnes wined in be karyas" (721): wild men who lived in the rocks or crags.

KATHLEEN DERWENT.

Department of English, Royal Holloway College, Englefield Green, Surrey.

'NAB 1'

Sir—Your reviewer of *NAB 1: Portrait of a Politician* is wrong in attributing to Law the cartoon depicting Nabarro as the only Tory non-fictional character. It was drawn by Vicky, and appeared in the *Evening Standard* on May 10, 1960.

PHILIP JONES.

109 Maycross Avenue, Morden, Surrey.

We regret that the letter from Professor Donald Greene last week contained a misprint in the quotation from Johnson's *London*. The Raymond text does read:

"And strive in vain to laugh at... But his [Nicholas Smith and McAdam] should read... And strive in vain to laugh at..."

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Zionist The pursuit into Germany

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From the British point of view a settled Punjab was a necessity. While Ranjit Singh was content, along the line of the Sutlej, to be the master of his land and people, and friendly enough to allied states, the Punjab if the occasion arose it did to pursue a forward policy in Afghanistan by sending troops there to discourage Russian ambitions, the situation was reasonably, temporarily, satisfactory. But by 1845 these emendations did not exist. By then, comically enough, the Indian Government under Hardinge was not in a forward mood. Nevertheless,

It is true that the question could properly be asked, as it was: for whom had the British conquered the Punjab? For the Maharajah, who was under British protection and for the support of whose " govern-

This was an ability which the Maharani Jindan and her infant son clearly did not have. Mr. Bruce's final argument is destroyed by the picture he paints himself of a nation courting its own ruin, staggering from the pleasures of the bed to the excitement of the battlefield. A dash of bromide in the tea might have worked wonders.

Perversely, it was this that became an asset of the Legion, which was formed as part of the British force to quell a riot to strengthen Jewish claim to the land. Back to Russia, which was on the verge of revolution, and so to the task of recruiting for a Jewish Army in the East to drive out the Turkish Keremkhy, and suppress Bolsheviks of counter-revolution, he again changed his mind, and made his way to Palestine in 1919. Here his people were to lead the fight of the Jewish settlements against the Arab settlements. He fought against *Arab Azad* and General Gordon Khiamoun, he fell in the village named "The Hill of the Lion" in his last breath.

At the point of departure of *The*
for Germany, in September, the
Allied strategic policy took a
turning point for the medium-term, in the
of identifying the causes for this
and clear enough: the inevitable
differences between allies, especially
there one is bearing by far the
most part of the material and
military burden and whose public
opinion is acutely sensitive to every
word of the press and radio; the
need to coordinate the air with
ground effort—arising from the be-
lief in certain quarters that Germany
could be bombed into submission
without General Enigma's military
forces, command of the air is only
decisive factor if combined with
the operations of the land armies.

Most important of all was the failure, on the American side, to realize that war is nothing more than the continuation of policy by other means, combined with an almost incredible misappreciation of the war aims of the Soviet Union. The result, in the short term, were another winter of war for the protagonists and another winter of occupation for the Dutch, who were, nearing the limits of endurance; in the long term they were catastrophic, leading directly to the division of Europe, from which we still suffer and seem likely to continue to do for the foreseeable future. In August of that year, apropos of the Allied landing in the South of France, Smuts had counselled Churchill to keep a very close eye on the future settlement of Europe—a crucial issue on which the future of the world for generations would depend—and there can be no doubt that Churchill and his advisers were deeply conscious of this. But the British contribution to the war in terms of manpower and material had now become minuscule when compared with the ever-increasing flow of American armies, equipment, supplies and money. The British could not therefore expect their views to prevail, and certainly neither American public opinion nor their American army group commanders would have taken kindly to a British-orientated strategy under the leadership of Montgomery. So Eisenhower took his unfortunate decision to combine the roles of Supreme Commander and Commander-in-Chief of Land Forces.

General Esame is scrupulously fair in his judgments and does not underestimate the difficulties which beset Eisenhower. Of all the commanders, Montgomery comes out best. He was generally right, if often awkwardly so; he faced the unpleasant military facts and expounded his own convictions with all the uncompromising clarity and force of a student prophet of logistics. Friends with the King of Israel, so far as he was concerned, they had been warned of the wrath to come.

This is an excellent account of the last battles of the war and can be strongly recommended to the student of military history as well as to those who lived through the period about which General Esame writes. If the author's judgments are sometimes over-assertive, they are unmistakably whiffed of grapeskins, and are invariably sound and well-received.

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The story has often been told before, but perhaps never so clearly as by Mr. Ransford. He makes the whole extraordinary sequence of events intelligible, and is particularly good in disentangling the confusion of command after Spurr's fatal accident, when four British soldiers and three of them were on the hill and three of them were on the plain, and themselves to be the supreme commander." Most of his sources are necessarily secondary, but he makes an interesting original contribution based on his own South African research in suggesting that the Boers did not altogether abandon Spurr's Kop as his always been said, but that a few men near the crest of the hill and their more near the bottom of it tried to renew the conflict on the following day.

The Surrender

Italian campaign of 1943-45 has produced a good crop of enlightening works of military history, and it is the scope the operations of May and early June, 1944, in the case of which Allied troops entered Rome, have received particular attention. It was a strategic masterpiece, the feat of General Alexander, the most interesting to the historian is enhanced by an internal problem on which opinions will always differ. Whether the victory could have been won more crushing by General Chukotka, the commanding General of the American and British Fifth Army, had come to with orders from the high command to push forward from below and ordered General Alexander's original plan.

study shows that this impression is misleading. Admittedly British policies are misinterpreted and British achievement ignored. The book performs the astonishing feat of describing the Tunisian campaign without referring to the British First Army: according to the authors, the victory was won by the American II Corps, aided by some "elements" which Montgomery "sent through the desert", thus passing over the participation of four British and one French corps. They talk about "the American landing at Salerno", ignoring the fact that two-thirds of the troops landed were British, and go on to give a ludicrously inaccurate account of the earlier complementary operations by the Eighth Army in Southern Italy. They never let the reader think Mark Clark's Fifth Army always included a strong contingent of British troops. And yet it is easy to show that there is no need to impute bias where ignorance and lack of judgment provide sufficient explanation. To prove the authors' innocence nothing could be more conclusive than an examination of a passage which, at first reading, appears the worst piece of anti-British slander.

twenty-two years after the event, "but the river had come up and they didn't get across. They ran into all kinds of river and they came back and said, 'Well, we're through. We're not going to make this attack.' This looks bad, but the authors have already quoted one of their favourite journalistic sources who bluntly (and correctly) says that the British crossing was successful, and later the authors, speaking for themselves, and, appearing, not for the first time, on occasion of what they have already written, remark that, "as we have seen" the British X Corps had gained "an important bridgehead" across the river.

They show the same capacity for giving equal billing to sense and nonsense when American reputations are at stake. They start the book with a sensational story, based on a letter, also dated twenty-two years after the event, from a sergeant of the 36th Division, which if true would reflect the greatest discredit on General Truscott and General Clark; three pages later they print an extract from a tape-recorded reminiscence by the divisional commander which flatly contradicts it and gives the decisions of these two generals correctly. As

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Plotinian perspectives

ROBERT J. O'CONNELL: *St. Augustine's Early Theory of Man*, A.D. 386-391. 301pp. £4 15s. St. Augustine's Confessions. The *Odyssey* of St. Augustine. 200pp. £3 3s. Harvard University Press. London. Oxford University Press.

HENRI DE LUBAC: *Augustinianism and Modern Theology*. Translated by Lancelot Sheppard. 320pp. Geoffrey Chapman. £3 3s.

In the seventh book of his *Confessions*, Augustine attributes to the impact of certain *libri platonici* the intellectual revolution which led to his acceptance of baptism. Fr. O'Connell's two books painstakingly identify these Platonic works with various treatises of Plotinus and, on that basis, proceed to demonstrate how a Plotinian matrix was subsequently shaped and modified by Augustine to provide him with an intellectual instrument capable of meeting the Manichaean objections and of supporting, explaining and systematizing his Christian belief.

It is, for instance, the Plotinian background which explains the origin of Augustine's terminology: *concupiscentia*, *enclitichus* and *superbia* to express Saint John's triple concupiscentia. It is the ambiguity of the Plotinian *anima* which allows Augustine to move from the Manichaean identification of the primal fault with concupiscentia through its association with "libido" and cupiditas towards its explanation in terms of the traditional *superbia*. Plotinus's idea of the soul's fall into the world and its subsequent return to angelic status is behind Augustine's view of the origin of the soul, his theory of the soteriological function of Christ, and the fundamental weakness of the *Confessiones*, which Fr. O'Connell sees in Augustine's failure to account for what experience shows to be the positive functions of human imagination and sensibility.

The movement to allow Neoplatonist ideas and influences their dominating place in the Christian orthodoxy of the first four centuries has quickened its pace over the past thirty years and awakened enthusiasm, particularly in France. Fr. O'Connell, who acknowledges the help of several eminent French scholars, carries the argument a step further by insisting that Augustine's Neoplatonism from 386 to the *Confessiones* was exclusively Plotinian, excluding even the mediation of Porphyry. His books are therefore polemical in aim. Exciting illuminations of Augustine's text stand out, but the proof of exclusively Plotinian influence is necessarily both dense and laboured. Occasionally, as

on the references to the "interior" senses and Augustine's restrictions of beauty to the object of desire, the evidence is forced, while the heavy considerations of method, the long list of brief titled paragraphs, and the exclusively Plotinian perspectives make his two books less than the comprehensive and fascinating general history of Augustine's intellectual development which we may hope that Fr. O'Connell will one day write. The points here cogently made for the professional should be made available for the general reader.

The extent, provenance, and Christian orthodoxy of Augustine's Neoplatonism is of fundamental importance for the understanding of European intellectual history. Neoplatonism has generally been the tool of Christian apologists anxious to defend the immortality of the soul, and the epistemological difficulties endemic to Neoplatonist systems have often proved less frightening an obstacle than the difficulties about immortality which recourse to Aristotle has always brought in its wake. It was Averroist difficulties about immortality which sent the humanists from Petrarch to Ficino back to Augustine, while even the rearguard action waged in defence of the soul's immortality by Descartes clearly derives from the Platonic and Augustinian traditions of the Renaissance apologists.

The immortal theologians of the late Middle Ages and the Renaissance defined an Augustinian *via media*. They were opposed on the one hand to the nominalists who appealed to Augustine for an emphasis on divine transcendence which made God's decrees look arbitrary and irrelevant to human aspirations. On the other hand they differed from the theologians on both sides of the schism who took from Augustine a severely anti-Pelagian theology of grace.

Augustine's authority nourished different traditions. If Luther, Calvin and in a different sense were Erasmus, Francis of Sales, and Ficinio. And if the nominalists rejected the Thomist as concepts which necessarily geared divine law to human aspiration, it was the "Augustinian" humanists of the sixteenth century who rehabilitated Thomism against them.

It is with the late sixteenth and seventeenth-century disputes de *auxilio* in which each side claimed Augustinian orthodoxy that Père de Lubac is concerned. His book is a revision of the historical portion of *Sursum Corda: Eticae historicae* (1947), withdrawn shortly before the issue of *Huani Generis*. Its purpose is to show, on the basis of an

historical investigation, the irrelevance of the concept of "pure" nature in explaining actual human experience. "Pure" nature, attacked by Baius and Jansenius on Augustine's authority, is a clearly useful theological concept for explaining what is meant by the gratuity of grace, but in the context of scholastic theology it is not necessary to assume that the "supernatural" finality of actual human nature, although it necessarily derives from the redemption, belongs to the order of justification. In other words, Père de Lubac's examination of the Augustinian tradition provided at least the impetus for the now generally accepted theological calculus to explain how autonomous human self-determination to good avoids semi-Pelagian implications and how, therefore, religious fulfillment, because it is intrinsic to moral perfection, is attainable outside the Church as well as within it.

Among the more important conclusions of Père de Lubac's historical analyses are a view of Baius's legalistic theology which goes much deeper than the cliché which ordinarily dismisses him as the "Pelagian of the terrestrial paradise", the independence of Saint-Cyran's religion from Jansenius's systematic theology of grace, and the distortion which can be seen in Jansenius's identification of Augustine's *adulterium quo* from the *de corruptione et venia* with efficacious grace. The importance of these conclusions has not yet been fully digested, and not only historians of theology will need as a result of this book to revise currently received views about the nature of religious, social and literary Jansenism in seventeenth-century France.

It is possible that Père de Lubac's habit of quoting scattered fragments of texts from different periods will appear mannered to the modern reader. There are other minor defects in historical perspective. But this book still deserves the classical status attained by *Sursum Corda*. Its analysis of Jansenius's use of Augustine's demonstration of how Augustine used his Plotinian model, may well illustrate an important concept in intellectual history. It is not the fidelity but the infidelity to the sources which in the long run proves the more rewarding to investigate.

Ruling spirit

HANS VON CAMPENHAUSEN: *Ecclesiastical Authority and Spiritual Power in the Church of the First Three Centuries*. Translated by J. A. Baker. 308pp. A. & C. Black. £2 10s.

JAROSLAV PELIKAN: *Spirit versus Structures*. 149pp. Collins. 30s.

Plato's famous picture of the charioteer driving two horses has its application far beyond the particular context of human psychology: or perhaps the conflicts we encounter in various fields of experience are reflections of a basic tension, the uneasy partnership that exists between body and spirit, outer envelope and inner reality. One such conflict, not new in principle, is apparent today throughout the whole range of human institutions. It is hardly surprising that the Church too should be facing something of a crisis in the field of authority.

These two books, in their different ways, carry the same message. In essence, Christianity is a religion of the spirit. Yet it is centred in the belief that God, the supreme Spirit, took flesh. In other words, the truth that cannot be contained in words was yet made known at a particular time, through a particular human individual, in a concrete situation. As Professor von Campenhausen declares, in his somewhat densely argued study *Ecclesiastical Authority and Spiritual Power*, the perfect blend of "official" and "charismatic" authority was realized only in Jesus himself. Apart from this unique case, two broadly antithetical positions have been taken up: the "authoritarian" Catholic and the liberal-protestant, the former, of course, emphasizing the importance of structural safeguards, the latter with Sabatier, although he is not mentioned, tending to reject authority in the interests of the spiritual essence.

In the apostolic age, von Campenhausen contrasts the Pauline churches, of a more apparent charismatic nature, with the Judaeo-Christian centres, inheriting and handling in some form of the structural forms of previous Jewish communities. It may be doubted whether, for all his immense erudition, he quite makes out his case. The mere fact that Paul makes little reference to authority does not necessarily mean that he

wished it to be understood only the things that are not seen, or that create a new world, which call for specific spiritual powers.

Yet, whatever the situation, the earliest decades of the Church's history. There can be no doubt that, as time went on, the authoritative elements were exaggerated to a degree which the Reformation all but ignored. Indeed, there is much to be said for the view that that movement, its theological and logical in origin, it was the under-privileged masses, the domination of the hierarchy, the religion of order.

It is in the light of this that Professor Pelikan's study of the developing attitude to ecclesiastical structures, *Spirit versus Structure*, can best be evaluated. In the *London Capitivity* of the Church, as early as 1524, he enumerates the various developments of the Church of Rome as a betrayal of the Christian spirit. In particular, attacks the tyranny of the clergy over the laity.

Yet, as the years passed, the idea of a more spiritual Church came to realize that it was not possible to do away with the structure of some kind. The Holy Spirit, feathers and all, if he rejected the papacy, with it many of the features of the modern Church. He could still recite the creed, acceptance of "the holy Church". He recognized that he must not look for a Church that there are no heresies and faults, but for one where the sword of God is present, where the right administration of sacraments, . . .

Structure, yes; but structure as seen as the vehicle for the Holy Spirit. As von Campenhausen says: "The absorption of authority by office is the less the more the structure of official authority to the degree who refuse to be tied to forms." The balance is a delicate one. The debate will continue. These books make valuable contributions to it.

HARRY STONE (Editor): *The Uncollected Writings of Charles Dickens*. Household Words, 1850-1859. 2 Volumes. 716pp. Allen Lane The Penguin Press. £6 6s. the set.

GRAHAM SMITH: *Dickens, Money and Society*. 226pp. Cambridge University Press. £3 6s. 6d.

JULIAN SYMONS: *Charles Dickens*. 15s.

WILLIAM MONOD: *Dickens the Novelist*. Translated by the author. 120pp. University of Oklahoma Press. Distributed by Bailey Bros. & Co. £3 10s.

EDWARD DYSON (Editor): *Dickens: A Book House*. 284pp. Macmillan. £3 10s. (Paperback, 13s.).

For one Charles Dickens will have died for a hundred years, and yet, as the *Household Words* (a few years ago) we can expect that the literary will not go unnoticed by the publishers. But then most recent books and articles about Dickens, as the volumes under review demonstrate the variable quality of this ten years' work.

With Dickens, as with many other nineteenth-century writers, what is needed is a more scholarly critical edition of his novels, and more scholarly materials. The Penguin edition of his novels, the *Penguin Classics* edition of his letters, and the *Penguin Classics* edition of his letters, but there is certainly a need for such enterprises as Professor Harry Stone's edition of Dickens' uncollected writings from 1850 to 1859 are mostly only by him, but it is useful to have all the same.

As has long been known, and as Professor Stone reminds us, Dickens was an intensely active and authoritative editor. "He shaped each of his contents so extensively that there is often no way of telling what words are his, except by what Stone justly calls the 'compelling' of style. But those who have long been known, and as Professor Stone reminds us, Dickens was an intensely active and authoritative editor. "He shaped each of his contents so extensively that there is often no way of telling what words are his, except by what Stone justly calls the 'compelling' of style. But those who have long been known, and as Professor Stone reminds us, Dickens was an intensely active and authoritative editor. "He shaped each of his contents so extensively that there is often no way of telling what words are his, except by what Stone justly calls the 'compelling' of style. 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